Volume LXV CHICAGO, APRIL 7, 1910 Number 6

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

O dwellers in the dust, arise,
My little brothers of the field,
And put the sleep out of your eyes!
Your death-doom is repealed.

Lift all your golden faces now,
You dandelions in the ground!
You quince and thorn and apple bough,
Your foreheads are unbound.

O dwellers in the frost, awake,
My little brothers of the mould!
It is the time to forth and slake
Your being as of old.

* * * *

Let the great flood of spring's return
Float every fear away, and know
We all are fellows of the fern
And children of the snow.

From an old Ritual.
Bliss Carman.

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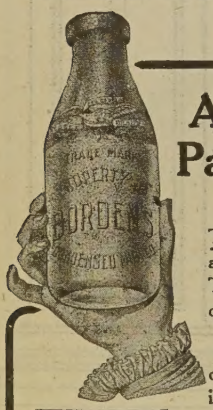

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2. Concerning Seeding: Sowing.
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6. The Harvest Field: Reaping.

We publish elsewhere in this issue the first sermon, "Concerning Soil: Plowing," and commend it most highly to our readers.

—From Hoard's Dairyman for January 25, 1910.
Published Weekly at Fort Atkinson, Wis.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Volume LXV. THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1910. NUMBER 6.

A HYMN

After Reading "Lead Kindly Light."

Lead gently, Lord, and slow,
For oh, my steps are weak,
And ever as I go,
Some soothing sentence speak

That I may turn my face
Through doubt's obscurity
Toward thine abiding place,
E'en tho' I cannot see.

For lo, the way is dark;
Through mist and cloud I grope,
Save for that fitful spark,
The little flame of hope.

Lead gently, Lord, and slow,
For fear that I may fall;
I know not where to go
Unless I hear thy call.

My fainting soul doth yearn
For thy green hills afar;
So let thy mercy burn—
My greater, guiding star!

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

"A National Folly" is the heading of the *New York World* editorial comment on the proposed naval appropriation for 1910. The significance of the figures is put so aptly that we quote:

The naval appropriation for 1910 is more than double the naval expenditure in the year of the Spanish war. It is ten times as great as in 1886, five times as great as in 1896. If we begin turning 16,000-ton battleships into junk by building ships of 32,000 tons to cost $18,000,000 each, even the present vast expenditure will soon be doubled.

Where is the process to stop? When will the war mania of the Hobsons and Roosevelts cease from inventing new alarms, fomenting new national jealousies, planning new extravagances?

The minister who carries economic and social problems into his pulpit does a daring thing. He will probably be self-convicted of wrecklessness and inadequacy if not incompetency before he is through with it, but the minister who never "dares," who evades or avoids such topics on the plea of incompetency or of prior commitment to religion, stands self-convicted of both blindness and incompetency. An attractively printed announcement issued by the Unitarian Church at Rochester, New York, is before us, which shows that Pastor Rumball "dares." The topics are so suggestive that UNITY prints them, hoping that other ministers will find courage to fare forth on these high lines which reach into the very heart of religion. These topics represent the quest of the prophets of all ages and all times. The general topic is "THE PEOPLE AND SOCIAL JUSTICE," to the discussion of which the April Sunday mornings will be devoted, from 10:30 to 12. (1) "Who are the People and What is Social Justice?" (2) "Do the People Want Social Justice?" (3) "Who are the People Who are For and Against Social Justice?" (4) "How Many People Obtain Social Justice?"

The citizens of the United States, not without reason, have looked to Massachusetts as the seat of culture, of social and moral refinement. It has expected that its citizens and secular journals would establish the ethical pace for the nation. Judging from recent extravagances, an augury of emotional "jingoism," militarism gone mad, reported in a Quincy (Mass.) paper, it would seem as though the prophecy of the far-seeing Bronson Alcott has already come to pass, that the time has arrived when the West must send missionaries to Massachusetts. Kansas, or even the more pioneer states of Utah or Montana, can give lessons to Massachusetts. The wild enthusiasm with which Quincy (note the name!) met a certain rear admiral at the depot with a distinguished delegation, forty boys of the Y. M. C. A. burning red fire along the route, church bells pealing, every building displaying bunting, women waving flags from doorways and windows, confetti showered on the carriages, and "approximately four thousand Quincy men, women and children shook hands with the ex-admiral." There was speech-making with orchestral accompaniments, a banquet with tickets at a premium,—in short, so runs the local news, "It was the greatest local celebration the city has had since the days of another century when Quincy did honor to townsmen who had become presidents of the United States." A certain "Reverend" was among the speakers. What was the occasion over which these five hundred banqueters rejoiced? Why, this certain "ex-admiral," according to the local newspaper from which we quote all these words, had secured contracts for the manufacture of two dreadnaughts for the Argentine Republic ! ! ! This same "ex-admiral" in his speech is reported to have said, "I used to be a civil service reformer, but now I believe in politicians

for these places because I believe that from out the battles of politics we can find such men as —— —— ——." And the great achievement of this representative seems to have been landing this Quincy contract. Oh, Massachusetts, has it come to this? Oh, Quincy, how have the mighty fallen!

Last week Prof. Lawrence Laughlin delivered a most significant and timely lecture at the Abraham Lincoln Centre on "The Increased Cost of Living," in which of course there was the usual opportunity for sensational headlines and newspaper misrepresentations. The latter were so distressing that the lecturer himself felt called upon to correct certain misleading statements in the following words: "Nowhere in my lecture did I make the point that high prices were due to the extravagances of the wage earner. The change in our standard of living is to be charged against the newly rich, and not against the wage earners with small income." In the full thought of the Professor we suspect the "newly rich" would be interpreted in such a way as to make the loop-hole too small to let out many very respectable sinners in this direction. Sumptuous living and the wreckless expenditure involved therein signify much more than the money invested. If the big house furnished by contract and "boughten taste" represented only dollars' and cents' extravagance, it would not be so bad; the saddest result is the shriveling interest of the occupants who move in, the shrinking souls, whose time, energy, and, at last, capacity are inadequate to enter into the sober life, the enlarging problems and the comforting service of religion, morals and civic power. The rich who are not so very new are constantly inflaming instead of ameliorating the unwholesome ambitions and empty pursuits not only of the "laboring class" of which we talk too much and which are respected too little, but the saddest demoralization in American life is probably found in that middle class of the "well to do." We mean the men and women who are trying to live on the boulevard and to ape millionaire luxuries and live at the auto-motor rate of speed when they ought to live on a side street and be at peace with the "bills" that are always menacing their bank account; those to whom an automobile with the expenses necessary to live up to it, is a constant financial perplexity, but to do without it would be a disgrace and hardship. Mr. Carnegie, in his visit to Chicago the other day, had a good word to say for the sons of the wealthy men of Chicago, and he named half a dozen noble illustrations,—cases where the boys have improved upon their fathers as captains of industry and masters of finance. But those who live in Chicago and study the situation at short range, with clear eyes, could make a longer list of sons, and a still longer list of daughters who by their example, inconsiderateness and hard-hearted devotion to "style," "amusement" and the tramping habit and the foolishness that brings neither joy, strength nor peace, are largely responsible for much of that extravagance in living which brings such hardships to the innocent and intelligent middle class who are their superiors in moral power, public spirit and intelligence. High prices bring no distress to the opulent but they inspire and justify in the minds of the working class the protective combinations of the wage-earners, which eventually bring the necessary increase in salary. The hardship comes upon those who are doing the bulk of the world's work with an element of altruism, modesty and public spirit in it, those who will not haggle over wages, who cannot demand an advance in salary. These are numbered by the hundreds of thousands today, who are being ground between the upper and nether mill stone in the financial mill, the feverish victims of wealth above, the angry toilers beneath. Let this middle class prayerfully guard their serenity and bear their burdens, not only with patience, but with joy, for in them lies the hope of the future. For in their hands is entrusted much of the high work for humanity that is to be done.

Editorial Wanderings, III.

"Deland" and "Stetson" are names to conjure by in Florida and among the Baptists of America. Deland was a real estate man, a planter of trees, a promoter of orange orchards. Stetson was a hatter, more specifically the maker of the "Stetson hat," the unparalleled, the unapproachable.

In the '70's Deland, a prosperous, energetic business man of "York State," fell in love with a pine wilderness in central Florida, built him a house in the woods and projected a city; he proceeded forthwith to plant trees, and then he planted some more trees, and then still some more trees. Through the eye of faith he saw a city, the center of a great orange industry. Next after the home in the woods he built a school house, projected an academy, provided a campus that was to front the "boulevard," with its triple rows of live oak and palm trees. Being a devout Baptist, naturally in that land and time he sought Baptist affiliations for his school. Still in the South the denominational college monopolizes the confidence and enthusiasm of the competent.

All this was in the '70's. Deland grew; "city lots" were brought and occupied, orange groves were multiplied and the school in the woods was passing through the short dress period of an academy, and putting on the trailing robes of a "university," when in the '90's came the "black frost" that blighted the hopes of the orange growers throughout Florida. Other frosts had nipped the flowers and injured the fruit, but this unparallelel "cold snap" killed the trees,

and the careful gardening, the enthusiastic fertilizing of years, were rendered in a night of no avail. This frost with other causes brought confusion to the finance of the venturous New Yorker, and he "failed." But his trees were untouched by the panic; the live oaks survived the frosts, the cabbage palms kept growing, and, what is better yet, the school house stood; the arithmetic and the dictionary survived the frost. But the "University" was a tender plant, a delicate exotic, a sapling in the educational forest, and for a while it looked as though it would go with the orange trees. But Deland had a Baptist friend who was making hats in Philadelphia, and the frost did not touch the "Stetson hat." With a loyalty that is rare and a fellowship that is beautiful, Stetson entered into the inspirations of Deland, assumed the burden which Deland could no longer carry; he stepped in and put his growing thousands and prospective millions at work. And so Deland and Stetson became the David and Jonathan in the educational and Baptist interests of Florida. The former, with a magnanimity as beautiful as it is rare, thrust greatness upon his friend; it was his motion at the Board meeting that changed the name of "Deland College" to "Stetson University," and so now the town glorifies the one, the school the other. It is "Stetson University" in "Deland, Florida," and both have prospered. Deland is, so far as this itinerant has seen, the "spotless town" of Florida; a trim, prosperous little city of six or more thousand, that presents the tidiness of a New England village. The houses are painted, the gates are on the hinges, and the streets!—Such splendid avenues of trees!

The lecturer entered this town in the wee small hours of the night. The "Coast Line Railway," which was an after-thought, left the school city three miles one side. What a ride that was in the automobile from the grewsome, naked little junction to the "College Arms," much of the way under the spreading branches of the live oaks that, were they New England elms, would bespeak at least a century's growth.

There is neither time nor space to enter into detailed description of either the hospitable "College Arms," a hotel yielding all the comforts and luxuries of a winter resort, or this baby university, clearly, it is claimed, the leading educational institution of the South. Five lectures were scheduled; eleven addresses of one kind or another were given, including a chance at the Y. M. C. A. meeting, at the high school of the village, and a study of "Les Miserables" under the auspices of the French Class.

President Lincoln Hulley is a young man from the North, a Pennsylvanian by birth and nurture; a Baptist with Quaker modifications and Harvard College exposures. He is a man in the right place. He has gathered around him an earnest, devoted and harmonious faculty, and in that atmosphere, charged with the healing balsam of the long-needled pines, four or five hundred ambitious boys and girls of Florida are being trained into citizenship. The atmosphere is progressive, aggressive and cultured. The unimmersed Editor of UNITY was welcomed and his interpretations of Emerson, Hugo, Whitman and the like were gladly listened to. The four o'clock vesper services in the attractive college chapel have been built up by President Hulley into a most interesting and unique religious privilege, greatly appreciated and largely attended by the citizens of the town, and the Editor enjoyed the honor of occupying some section of the place which is so graciously filled by the president. Th last night was "Dixie Night," and the man from the North, whose first campaign in the South was with very different weapons, discoursed of "Robert E. Lee, the Man Who Conquered Defeat."

Florida is as yet a frontier state. There is a lot of unoccupied out-of-doors there, including a territory larger than New York or Pennsylvania, with a coast line of over two thousand miles, while its stable population is only about five hundred thousand. Its final place as a citrous orchard is scarcely yet settled. The ever menacing frost gets on the nerves of the wise growers. But by two, yea, three tokens, Florida is to conquer and to enter into a vast future. It is to become the great truck-garden of the Atlantic slope. Anything represented by this industry can be grown and offered fresh during the twelve months of the year in Florida. By the second token, Florida is to become the great sanitarium of the eastern and middle west region, the winter playground of the over-fed, over-worked, and over-wealthed multitudes. And lastly, and better than all, the advantages that will lead to these two victories will conspire in bringing about the third eminence. There is no reason why Florida should not become a splendid college campus, a great school-ground, where, under material conditions unstrenuous, where the menace to health and the cost of living can be reduced to the minimum, ambitious boys and girls from all parts of the nation can study their classics under the shade of the live oaks and master their arithmetics in a resinous atmosphere.

In all three of these attractions Florida offers an unlimited opportunity for the investment of northern capital.

And now there abideth in Florida the truck garden, the winter hotel, and the college, and the greatest of these is the college.

Thus endeth the story of another March escape, another itinerary in the South, on the part of UNITY'S Editor, and now he is doing business at the old stand, in the old way, helping the UNITY wheels go round, at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

Another of the Friends of Unity Gone

In the strenuous days of the "Issue in the West," when UNITY contended with its friends for the larger fellowship and the ethical basis for religion, there used to come over the Rockies words of cheer, and the wherewith which proved their sincerity and made them efficacious, and through all the succeeding years, Judge Paul R. Wright and his good wife were loyal, tender, vigilant friends and readers of UNITY. During the last campaign of the Senior Editor on the Pacific slope, he was permitted to enjoy a few moments of the hospitality of the aging and physically weakening friends. Those few moments are sacramental in the memory of the itinerant. The righteous and consecrated Judge passed on soon after the visit, and now his loyal helpmeet has joined him beyond the veil. And we are glad to be able to print the following tribute from their friend and neighbor, and the life-long worker with, in and for UNITY, our comrade Frederick L. Hosmer:

The funeral of Mrs. Paul R. Wright, widow of the late Judge Wright, was held yesterday afternoon at the family residence, 2328 Haste street, conducted by Rev. John H. Lathrop, minister of the First Unitarian church. She died on Friday morning after a brief illness. Mrs. Wright, whose maiden name was Emily G. Harvey, was born in Camillus, N. Y., in 1825. In her girlhood the family moved to Elgin, Ill., and it was there that she was married in 1846 to Mr. Wright, then a young lawyer of the place. Later they lived for some years in Geneva, Ill.

In 1875 the family came to Santa Barbara, Cal., which remained their home until some four years ago, when Judge and Mrs. Wright came to Berkeley to make their home with their daughter, Mrs. W. N. Dimmick. A son also survives them, Edward T. Wright, a lawyer in Los Angeles. Through the thirty years of their Santa Barbara residence Judge and Mrs. Wright were prominent in all movements that made for the higher thought and best life of the community. Both alike were persons of unusual force of character, of broad intellectual sympathies, and of clear and strong moral connections. These qualities identified them with the anti-slavery movement and with later movements of freer thought and public policy in matters social, political and religious; but with all their earnestness of individual conviction there was a "sweet reasonablentss" and power of intellectual sympathy that gave balance to their judgment and made it of more weight and persuasiveness.

Judge Wright died eighteen months ago at the age of eighty-nine. To the last, while failing strength narrowed his sphere of outward activity, he kept up his interest in the movements of current thought and life, and this was true also of her who has just passed on.

Many on this Pacific coast and in the middle West will hear of Mrs. Wright's death with renewed remembrance of these two lives and grateful appreciation of their friendship and the service which they rendered in many ways.

Religion as an Outgrowth of Industry

The necessity for food is the primary urge for every form of activity in animal life—including the human.

It was probably the body's necessities, and man's consequent efforts to satisfy his physical hunger, that developed his power to perceive relations and to draw conclusions.

Through the experience gained by these efforts and the growing consciousness of his relations, was developed man's religion, which finds its motive in his perpetual desire to change all these undesirable relations into more desirable ones.

The experience and growing consciousness which primitive man gained, through his efforts to feed, shelter and clothe himself, finally developed in him a theory of things.. No race ever became religious until it first developed some theory of the universe as to why things are, how they came to be, and what they really mean.

True, the various theologies of all the great religions of the world have sometimes been traced in their inception to the influences of climate, soil, or to geological convulsions; but probably because upon these things naturally depend the various forms and necessities of industrial life by which man's consciousness and his consequent theories are developed.

The word "Industry" is used here in its original and broadest meaning, which is "habitual diligence in any employment: steady application or pursuit."

We note that a race of shepherds naturally develops a different theory of life, its relations and meanings, from the one conceived by a race of hunters. The people who practice intensive agriculture come to have a still more different view. The old story of Cain and Abel might serve to illustrate the inevitably different religious expressions and conflicts of early shepherds and fruit-growers or gatherers.

Go back to still more ancient times, and see that it was evidently the business of burying the dead, or the necessity for disposing in some way of inanimate corpses, which finally developed the thought that these might live again in the earth. When they came to believe it, they developed a sense of religious duty, in pouring milk, wine and food over the place where the dead had been laid, lest these suffer from hunger, thirst, or a feeling of neglect.

This was doubtless one of the earlier steps toward the current religious doctrine of immortality.

So the use of a family fire developed the marriage custom, and both the fire and the ceremony finally became sacred; that is, a religious observance.

The sacrifice and the altar, as well as the sacred fire, all grew out of the business of life in the early home, and were first family affairs,—never made public.

When industrial necessities and advantages brought many families together and formed the village, or the city, and at last the state, in short, after business became public, then religion became public, the priest and the temple appeared.

That which produces religion resides in man. But it was evolved only through the experiences of life, and it has been modified from age to age by the intelligence developed through industry.

It has therefore always followed, because it could not precede the business activities of life, and it has always been changed, ignored, or laid aside, whenever changing industrial conditions really brought the business of life into vital conflict with it.

True, such changes have to come slowly—gradually and after long struggles, for few things die harder than inherited religious sentiments.

But die they always have, and must, whenever any of them have been standing quite long enough in the way of life's industries.

Social requirements, Rules, Customs, Laws, grow out of Industrial necessities and developments. Afterward they become religious observances.

When men had by the necessity of living and working together, found that honesty was really better than cheating—then it was discovered that God had just written on some tables of stone in Sinai,—or perhaps a letter earlier on some old papyrus in Egypt,—"Thou shalt not steal, nor bear false witness against thy neighbor."

The laws of Moses, or the laws of God, call them as you will, are the tabulated results of actual human experience, in the every-day and natural industries of life. They were an expression of the rules that had been found to produce the happiest individual, the healthiest family, and the strongest State.

We have never been and never can be anything but the creatures of our experience, and no faculty can be isolated from action.

Therefore, state and church have never really been separated, and never can be separated, except in some legal or technical way.

The most industrious, just and intelligent State will produce the noblest and most sensible religion. But the Church, as an expression of religion, while it can not be entirely separated from the State, is apt to be always a little behind it in its progress and development.

This fact indicates the same truth, viz., that any religious formula, or practice, is an outgrowth of experience and the business of life.

So long as the state permitted human slavery, churches and ministers were found upholding and preaching it, but after the State put it away, the church universally ceased to teach it.

Whenever the temple service is seen to be waning, then the church is found to be lagging far behind the development in natural science, discoveries, inventions, and the newer phases of industrial life. Whenever men are found in numbers to be enthusiastically turning to the church it is always found to be modifying or changing its religion in order to be more in keeping with the vanguard of life, as it appears in the great work-a-day world.

In looking over the chronological index, at the close of a ten volume history of "The Ideas That Have Influenced Civilization," (Arranged in parallel columns) one is struck with the blank space under the head of "Religion," for the last 300 years. In the columns headed "Natural Science" and "Social Science," etc., the names and dates crowd each other, and there are no blank spaces. The last discovery, adjustment, or change in "Religion," considered worth recording, was connected with the "Protestant Reformation."

This is significant, and indicates the cause of numerous complaints from the church about empty pews, indifference, infidelity, etc. There is probably more and better real religion in the world today than ever before. But much of it will continue refusing to associate itself with the church, until that organization moves up, and adjusts itself to the new faith and fellowship, that are really the outgrowth of the changing industrial life of the world.

Real religion, however, being always an outgrowth of the experience born of activity, will doubtless yet fashion a church more nearly in keeping with the later discoveries of life and its evergrowing (and more) complex relations.

Even the golden rule, which has been so generally conceded as practically the essence of all moral culture, is found to take on new meanings and to require new and nobler interpretations with the ever-changing conditions of human life.

Some people, as children, heard much about "The World, the Flesh and the Devil," and were exhorted to get as far away from them all as possible. Dismissing the devil, as at the worst more or less of an uncertainty, they now begin to see that the world and the flesh can not be gotten away from at all, without practically losing one's identity and visible position in the ranks. Moreover, they are beginning to feel that it is really through the world and the flesh, and all the experiences that flesh is heir to, that the highest thoughts, the widest sympathies and the noblest comprehensions of life have been developed. Through life's work and its experiences,—the ever-changing and new phases of our human wants and struggles, we may yet come into such accord with the universe as to rejoice in it all, not only as a necessary, but as a most noble condition.

Whatsoever of justice, kindness and nobility we have developed, is really the outgrowth of our toil and struggle together, in trying to satisfy primarily our bodily hunger. To do that proved sufficiently difficult to make us resourceful and develop in us, from generation to generation, new and higher wants, nobler feelings and sympathies! These are still increasing, and will increase; as more wise and better forms of activity develop them in us, one by one.

FRED V. HAWLEY.

THE PULPIT

The God Idea

A Sermon by Edwin G. Brown

For who is God? and what is God? we ask.
To answer fully were a God-like task.
And yet, is not this answer? God is God,
And we and all things but his changing mask.

"Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? As high as heaven; what canst thou do? Deeper than hell; what canst thou know?"—Job. 11:7, 8.

Let us, in the very beginning, recognize this fact, that *we* cannot "find out the Almighty unto perfection"; *we* cannot get a perfect conception of the Divine. It would seem that there should be no question on that point. These little, finite brains of ours, through and by which we get the little smattering of knowledge that the wisest of us get,—these brains, imperfect and active, at the longest, for but a few score of years,—is it conceivable that *they* should grasp around, comprehend the Infinite? When we face the fact—we do not see it all, we do not understand it, but we can *face* it—when we face the fact that God is the Infinite, the Eternal, the Ever-and-Everywhere-Present; then we are ready to acknowledge, in all humility, that we will never get any perfect and complete idea of God. But our desire for knowledge, our longing to know is just as proper when it turns toward this God idea as when it turns toward any other. When we learn to recognize that, in any absolute sense, we *can know nothing;* when we appreciate that all our so-called, boasted knowledge is, after all, just *our* guess; when we rid ourselves, as fully as we may, of superstitions and conventional standards and proper poses, then we see the superficiality of so-called knowledge, then we recognize the trivial and temporary character of so-called progress. Our knowledge along any line, in any direction, is not perfect. In the experience of the race, certain laws of life have been discovered that have always held good,—in the experience of the race. But the experience of the race is not so very large a fraction of eternity. The records of the race, of man, indicate that he has been making records here on this little whirling sand-grain somewhere from six to ten thousand years. Back of that it doesn't matter much. You may think that for long centuries he was struggling up through primitive, savage forms to conscious manhood; or you may think that the Adam and Eve story is substantially true. For the purposes of my point it doesn't matter. The point is this: The fraction 1 divided by Infinity is worth just as much as 10,000,000 divided by Infinity, and they are, each, worth just nothing. We little, strutting men make brave assumptions. For ten thousand years we have observed that two and two always make four. We assert that we have discovered an absolute and unvarying law. And the value of these observations, stretching through the long ten thousand years, when measured by eternity, is equal to your one observation, made in this present instant of time; and each value is expressed by—a cipher. What appeals to you, this instant, as true,—that is the important matter for you. Am I repudiating the accumulated experience of the race? Not at all. The accumulated experience of the race is within you. You can't get rid of it. But I am saying that the chief concern with each of us is that we recognize the value and the sole importance to us of our own perceptions of fact, our own conceptions of truth. Our own perceptions, our own conceptions, grasped here and now, this instant, are all we have. They are of supreme importance—*to us.* We must respect them, honor them, cherish them. But we must remember what their value is, measured by infinity, and not attempt to force them upon others.

Recognizing, then, that all knowledge is just *our guess;* recognizing that in the absolute sense we cannot assert that we *know* anything, we are ready to take up this inquiry about God in proper humility and yet with courage and fearlessness. We will state what seem to us the facts. We will assert what seems to us the truth; neither abashed because our thought does not fit in with all of the teachings of Jesus or Buddha or Mohammed, nor exalted by any notion that our thought has any appreciable value beyond its significance to ourselves.

To my thinking, God is the *Infinite Source,* the *Present Reality* of all that exists. David Grayson, in his "Adventures of Contentment," tells of a conversation he had with an old college professor who had come to his field one day looking for plants. They found a grassy spot in the shade and sat down to talk. The conversation turned to the question, What do we mean by this word God? The old man told his experience. When a boy he had become converted, had joined the church, had formed very definite ideas about God and heaven and hell and the entire scheme of creation. Then he went to college and studied the natural sciences. Genesis and Geology wouldn't harmonize. He turned his back on Genesis, embraced Geology, and formed a new notion of the scheme of creation which left God entirely out. He concluded that he knew nothing about God or heaven or hell, but he was quite sure that he did know something about the material things that our senses report. He was quite sure that there was knowledge to be gained about these material things that was worth the gaining. So he devoted his life to the study of the natural sciences. He tried to go deep into science. He tried to get at the bottom facts. He tried to discover the *real meaning* of the learned words and phrases with which the scientists conceal their ignorance from the vulgar herd, the uneducated masses. He found that the learned words and phrases have no *real meaning* back of them; that they are just empty, wind-blown bladders, every one of which collapses into nothingness with the pin prick of the little word "why?" And then it dawned upon this man that there is an answer to that little word "why?" Again, he found that he could use the word God. His new idea of God was very different from the one he had held when a boy. This is the way he put his final statement,—looking up at the blue sky, looking out across the hills and valleys, looking around at the trees and the grass and the flowers, looking into the eyes of his friend, he said, "Now, it is *all* God." God is the *Infinite Source,* the *Present Reality,* of all that exists, the I AM of the Hebrew.

God is the Infinite Goodness. Sometimes we are inclined to think that this is a very bad world. So many people are untruthful,—when they think they can gain by it. So many people are dishonest,—when they think they can gain by it. There is so much pettiness and foolish pride and silly conceit; so much selfishness. The best of our neighbors, the dearest of our friends, our very own in the home circle,—all are faulty. When we get into this pessimistic mood, we are sometimes, I think usually, broad enough to include ourselves in the category. We recognize our own shortcomings and weaknesses. We recognize our own mistakes. But when we thus get to ourselves, self-respect steps in. Self-respect forces us to recognize that we are not altogether bad. Self-respect reminds us that we have our good points. Our mood changes. We recall the times when we have told the truth, where a lie would have been easier; the times when we were honest in spite of the temptation to steal. We remember the kindly and courteous and considerate words and deeds that we have given during the day,—that we have received during the day. Then we count up these kindly words, these good deeds that have blessed us through the day,—how *much* to be thankful for! how little, after all, to regret! These dear ones at home,—perfect? Oh, no! but with so many kindly and generous traits! Our friends,—how often they have cheered us! how good they have been to us,—and to others. Even our enemies, the people we do not like—when we are unwise—the people who do not like us—because we are not always likable—even these have so many good qualities! Really, it is a very good old world, isn't it? And the goodness all about us; the goodness in our own hearts, which responds to and draws forth the goodness of those we meet, all this is but the expression, through our imperfect personalities, of the Infinite Goodness, God. Can I explain *how* the Infinite Goodness acts through you and me and all men and all creation? Oh, no! I can't explain how. Neither can you explain how fire burns, or how the burning fire in the grate warms your cold hands. All that you really know is that you *feel* the warmth through your chilled fingers. All that I know is that I *feel* the Infinite Goodness coming to me through every event and circumstance of my life. I can't explain how. I can't explain why. I, with this little, finite, imperfect brain of mine, can't comprehend, grasp around the Infinite Goodness; but I can *feel* that it is here, and assert it, as I assert that fire warms my chilled body.

God is the Infinite Love and Tenderness and Compassion. Has your heart ever warmed with love for another? Has your heart ever thrilled with the consciousness that another loves you? Perhaps,—I hope it is not so, for it would mean that you have missed so much,—but perhaps you are not sure that love has ever come into your life. Well, tenderness has; compassion has. Someone has said, "I count that day lost wherein I have done no kindly deed." We would all do well to take that position. We can't afford to lose *days*. Really, consciously or unconsciously, most of us have already taken that position. Most of us know that we cannot afford to lose days. Most of us do, not one, but many, kindly deeds during each day. We speak little words of tenderness or love or compassion. We put an arm about a child; we clasp a hand; we look into an eye; the message of tenderness and compassion, if not the message of love, passes many times each day between us and those about us. Well, to my thinking, the love and tenderness and the compassion that so enfold and bless your life and mine,—these are just expressions of the Infinite Love, the Infinite Tenderness, the Infinite Compassion, God.

"But," someone asks, "Why God?" He says, "I recognize that there is love and tenderness and compassion in the world. I recognize that there is goodness; but why call these God? And have you forgotten that it is not all love and tenderness and compassion and goodness? Have you forgotten the hate and the resentment and the selfishness and the sin and the suffering?"

Those are fair questions. Let us try to meet them. Why do we cling to the God idea? Here is my statement. Perhaps it will help you. Recognizing that I *know nothing* in any absolute sense, I recognize that I do know, in a practical sense, my own existence. Further, I know the existence of these thoughts and feelings and emotions that are a constant presence with this *me*, the conscious ego. Again, I feel that I know what we call conscience, a demand within myself that I shall strive to do *right*. You see I do not claim to know anything that goes on outside myself. I believe in it. But it is reported to me through these imperfect senses. I will not assert knowledge of what they report. Turning back, then, to the things which I feel that I know,—my own existence; my own thoughts and feelings and emotions; my own sense of duty; obligation; I find myself impelled to ask, Whence? Why? It seems to me quite clear that I did not create myself. It seems to me very clear that I am not the author of my conscience. I seem to have the power to think the thoughts I will, to cherish the emotions I will. I am able to banish hate from my heart, to hold kindliness and good-will. I have the power to put away all resentment and bitterness. But it seems to me that the sense of duty, obligation; the feeling that *I ought* to do certain things and to refrain from doing certain other things;—it seems to me that this is *not* under the control of *my will*. So, feeling that I did not create myself, feeling that I am not the source of my conscience, I am impelled to the question, Whence? And the answer to that question, which satisfies me, is: the Eternal, the Reality, the I Am, God. It satisfies me to believe that there is a Reality behind all that appears. It satisfies me to feel that I have come from that Reality, that I am *of* that Reality, that my conscience is the voice of that Reality—and I call it God. That is *my* answer to this question "Whence?" which I am impelled to ask.

And now, Why? Why the Eternal Goodness? Why the Infinite Love? Well, it is because I think that I can see something more here in life than just the goodness of men and women, and animals, and plants, and rocks. Perhaps this is a better way to put it: The sum of all the individual goodness of all the individuals does not seem to me equal to the goodness which appeals to me. The sum of the love in the hearts of all the individuals does not seem to me equal to the love which appeals to me. In the things which most men call bad, in poverty and vice and ignorance, in hate and resentment and sin and suffering,—in all these I think I can see means toward goodness. There seems to me an Eternal and Infinite Goodness underlying all the bad things, all the sad things of life. There seems to me an Eternal and Infinite Love overbrooding all

the pain and sorrow and tears. In my heart I find a hope, a belief, nay, more, an absolute conviction that *all is good*. It does not satisfy me to think

> "that somehow good
> Shall be the *final* goal of ill."

I want good to be the goal of ill now, this instant; and I am absolutely convinced that you and I and every man and woman has the power to turn the seeming ill of his life into actual good now, this instant. So I speak of the Eternal Goodness. So I believe in the Infinite Love. So I assert the Omnipotent Reality, God.

Enclosure and Liberty

There are two joys worth marking in man's life: the joy of passing from the confinement of the house into the space and freedom of the outside world, and the joy of passing from the bleakness of the world without into the comfort and safety of his dwelling. In the open door between the little and the large world, in the recurring transition from freedom to shelter and from shelter to freedom, lie the movement and meaning of existence.

Man builds for himself a cabin against the rain and the wind, but he has no sooner compacted its walls and stopped its fissures than he pierces it with a door that he may walk forth into the air, and slits it with windows that, even while he lies at rest under the thatch, his eyes may roam abroad and soar into the heavens. Birth itself is his first grasp of freedom, and it is only when life leaves him at the edge of the closure. Nature has housed him in a casing of flesh grave that he succumbs to complete and final en- and bone; and not content with this he strips the fleece from the sheep and the fiber from the pod to spin and weave a little tenement of his own which he takes about with him in all journeys; but even thus he leaves his face bare to the sun and sends his eye and ear to travel abroad through space and bring him forage and booty even from the distant horizon.

He builds his chalet in the valley behind the shield of the mountain-side, but he follows his goats upward to the peak that while they browse he may overlook the world. He buries himself in the heart of the primeval forest; but always, if he may, by the edge of a great stream by whose aid his raft or canoe may find its way back to the cities he has left or forward to the unpierced wilderness. He frames his house of oak or of marble to be a fastness for himself and his sons against the destroying centuries; yet at the same moment he heats water in a sealed chest that the fierceness of its rebellion may transport him to the ends of the earth. He fashions a church where he may be alone with his God; and, to exclude the world from his precinct, he makes its doors massive and tempers its light and stains its windows; but straightway, to get back to the freedom he has lost, he draws out its nave into columned aisles of noble amplitude, and rounds out a mighty dome into the very image and semblance of the sky he has excluded. He rims himself in the little square of his bed at night, but the sleep which shackles his limbs more firmly than iron is the door through which his spirit escapes into the boundless and pathless kingdom of dreams. Confined in the body to a dot of time and often to a shard of space, he plays with the earth in his mind as a child with a toy balloon, and his imagination makes the centuries its balls or marbles.

But if he is born to seek freedom, he is none the less filled with the need for rest and security. He emerges from the mother's womb only to find himself with his own consent in the scarcely wider enclosure of her arms. On the great prairie he pitches his tent or rears his house of logs, shutting himself from the glory of the sky that he may shield himself likewise from its terrors. Adventure and youth are strong within him, and he leaves the land for the free, broad spaces of the sea, but his first step thereto is to rim himself in a narrow boat, and if he stays abroad for a night he will roof himself in with a cabin that he may screen himself from the vastness he has longed for. He loves, and the world is too little for his dilated heart; and his next step is to stake out a plot and build walls and carve a roof-tree within which the great world, cosmic or public, shall have no license to intrude. With the wings which Love gives him he flies only to the nest. He is artist and poet; he will put the sky upon a canvas, but always within a frame; he will let out his soul in music, but only in the palings of verse. The mercy of nature has made even the boundless heavens assume to his feeble eyes the aspect of the ceiling of a habitation. Space for his sake narrows itself into a roof, and the stars which are worlds for his understanding are only tapers for his senses. He is set in the narrow curb and frame of life, lest he should perish from the mere weight of immortality.

Should we venture too far in saying that as the instinct for freedom is rooted in the soul of man, the instinct for repose and shelter is no less deeply imbedded in the body? The one urges him into the lonely spaces; the other nestles or crouches beside the fire. As long as man lives, the instincts wrestle with interchanging victory, and death can end the strife only by parting the combatants. The body finds in the grave the absolute and final goal of its instinct toward enclosure; and the soul reaches its complete life or its total effacement in the attainment of that liberty which its aspirations have prefigured.

O. W. FIRKINS.

Our Plant Friends

The latest recipient of the Nobel prize, of $40,000, for literary merit, Miss Selma Lagerlof, is Sweden's most popular contemporary authoress. Her works show that she has drank deeply and freely from the very fountain springs that supply nourishment to the national life of her people. She is profoundly and thoroughly impregnated with the legendary atmosphere of her country, its folklore and its grand and glorious history. And she is equally familiar with the modern everyday life of its common people. Some of her anglicized works, as, for instance, "The Story of Gosta Berling," or "The Wonderful Adventure of Nils," have made the English speaking world acquainted with this national phase of her authorship. Others, like "The Miracles of Antichrist" and "Christ Legends," show that her predilection for the deep and semi-mystic elements in human nature, which always have exerted so great an attraction on thinking minds, is not con-

fined to national themes only but seeks its subjects and motives everywhere; and where could they be found in richer measure than in the legends of Christianity?

In the fourteen short stories contained in her "Invisible Links," her intuitive and introspective mind brings the reader in contact with the subtle, to the gross everyday man hardly perceptible influences that connect the soul of man with the soul of things, and makes us feel at one with nature and nature's God. It is to one of these little ethereal stories that we will turn our attention for the present. It is called "Mrs. Fast and Petter Nord."

Petter Nord is a grocery clerk in a little "quiet" and "peaceful" village. "It lay at the foot of a steep mountain so imbedded in greenery that the church-steeple barely could be seen above the trees. Beautiful gardens adorned the narrow terraces along the steep mountain slopes, and when they could get no farther in one direction they sent their bushes and trees across the street and spread out between the scattered houses and along the narrow strip of soil beneath them, until checked by the wide river."

Petter Nord's stay in this country paradise became, however, of short duration. He had a row with his employer, who treated him unjustly, and ran away from the flowery village to a great manufacturing city, where he came into the company of some ruffians, who at last prevailed upon him to return with them to the village to wreak a bloody vengeance on his former boss. The boisterous gang came with a great deal of clatter and noise, bent upon violence and revenge. The little quiet village became quite stirred up and frightened over their bold and threatening manners. "But the ruffians who had come to . . . . let loose their fury hardly knew what to do. There was not even a dog to chase, not a street cleaner with whom to engage in a squabble, not a snob at whom to throw a taunt. The season was not far advanced. Spring was just turning into summer. It was the season of the white cherry-blossoms and of the chokecherries, when the lilac clusters adorn tall, neatly trimmed bushes, and the air is saturated with the flavor of the apple blossoms. These men, who had come straight from street and wharf to this flowery kingdom, experienced a peculiar affection in the new surroundings. Three pair of fists, until now resolutely clenched, relaxed, and three pair of heels clattered a little less loudly on the pavement. From the market place they could see a path winding up along the mountain slope. On its sides grew young cherry trees, their white crowns forming bowers and vaults. The vaults were lofty and gossamerlike, and the branches dreadfully weak; everything fine, tender and childlike."

And the three ruffians, whhat became of them in this flowery environment? "It was, perhaps, the first time in their life they had paid any attention to flowers. But now they could not help it, for the syringa bushes swept off their caps, and the petals of the cherry-blossoms rained down upon them." At last, finding no chance to do any mischief, and feeling no desire for it either, "all four of them left the town in brotherly good will and lay down on a sunny hill, where they could while away time in sleep."

And what about Petter Nord's former employer, who had treated him unjustly and driven him away from the village? He had gone into gardening, planted an orchard round his house, and a vegetable garden outside of the town, and was now so busy in his gardens as hardly to have time to think of hoarding money. "Thither Petter Nord went to meet his old foe and satisfy his inveterate desire for a cruel revenge. "I saw him," he says, "busy poling a field of pease. A pouring rain must have fallen the previous night, for the pease-halm had been whipped down to the ground, some of the leaves were lashed into shreds, while others were stained with wet clay. It was like a hospital, and he was the doctor. He raised them so tenderly, scratched off the mud and helped the poor little sprouts to grasp the supporting branches. I stood looking at it, I did . . . . What should I do? I could not go at him as long as he was busy with the pease," At last Petter Nord began helping his old enemy caring for the plants. "Why should the cucumbers suffer on account of our old feud?" he thought, and went busily to work. "I could not help it." And at last when the fading stalks began to raise their drooping heads refreshed by water from the sprinkling can, he ran away without having been recognized and without having satisfied his thirst for revenge.

A deep and profound recognition of the mysterious but strong bond of sympathy that joins us with the plant world pervades the whole story. The authoress has a vivid consciousness of the educating, ennobling and softening influence of flowers and plants on the human mind, and their wonderful power of transforming character and developing the milder and altruistic traits in our temperaments, is impressively depicted by her in this little sweet and helpful sketch.

And ought not this inspiring story by the recent Nobel prize winner to be a timely reminder to the world of our so long neglected duties to our lovely but mute plant friends, who so kindly and disinterestedly have contributed to the growth and nourishment of so much that is good and tender and humane in our hearts There are, indeed, few of us, if any, who cannot count one or more plants, either trees or flowers, among their best and most valued friends. The writer will never forget the thankfulness he owes an old gigantic maple tree, under whose spreading crown he has spent many a beautiful summer day, studying, meditating and thinking. Or a six-hundred-year-old knotty oak, in whose hollow trunk he has spent many an hour pondering over the intricate problems of life, or forgetting the cares and worries of the world. A sensitive and open mind can feel the subtle bond that, like an "invisible link," unites it with some favorite tree or darling plant. He can sense the feeble consciousness his plant friends feel of his presence, how they rejoice over his kindness or suffer from neglect or a harsh treatment. How many plants do not starve and die in palaces from lack of the little sunshine of love, which to them means infinitely more than a fertile soil and a suitable climate!

It is about time for us to wake up and realize our duties to our mute and patient plant friends. We have no more right to needlessly torture a tree by cutting its bark or tearing off its branches than we have to flay a human being alive or to dismember insects or beasts. Providence in entrusting to us the weaker children of nature and leaving them, so to say, defenseless in our hands, has added to our moral code the meaningful and sacred memento: "noblesse oblige!" The more harm our superior endowment enables us to do a fellow being, the less of it should we do, for the greater is our responsibility. The plants are our most helpless wards, and at the same time most helpful

friends. Let us then foster them so much more tenderly. They will repay our kindness by the silent but constant influence they exert on our finer sensibilities.

Why should not our boys and girls in our Sunday-schools be taught to look upon plant life being just as sacred as human life? For is not life in all its manifestations sacred? The cruelties committed to plants, by needlessly inflicting injuries upon them, are, lamentably to say, very often thoughtlessly done by good boys, who do not have the least idea that the tree they are kicking or cutting or tapping feels and suffers perhaps even more keenly than they could ever do themselves.

If our Sunday-schools in teaching our children their duties to the animal world would also add something regarding our duties to plants, and tell how they assist in our moral and ethical education, they would help to widen our sphere of sympathy and strengthen the "Invisible Links" that make us partakers of all the ennobling influences of God's marvelous creation, and thus contribute to the ushering in of a brotherhood illimitable.

And why should not Selma Lagerlof's little story be good and inspiring reading in a Sunday-school?

AXEL LUNDEBERG.

WORSHIP

'Twas Sunday, and the throng was pressing toward
A high-spired building, looming in the near.
Amongst that throng I noted one, a man
Low bowed with years. His seriousness was real,
And there was that authoritativeness
Of gentleness about him that commands
Persuasively.
I bowed and asked: "My friend,
Where goest thou?"
"To yonder house of God,"
His answer.
"Friend," retorted I, "'tis all
A matter of belief, and that belief,
Alas, is purely but an accident."
Then, in a tone that held a soft reproof,
He answered: "Accident? So feelest thou,
And that, alas! is but an accident."
Discomfited, I further urged; "What is't
To worship God? Is that worship, that which
We see expressed in showy formula,
In rites and ceremonials? Must God
Be placated and flattered and cajoled?
Another Nero, God, whose vanity
Requires our crawling, base servility?
The mother worships, and the lover does.
They set apart no special way, nor day,
Nor hour to make their worship manifest.
Not burdened, it, by rule or form; it flows
Spontaneously. According to the church,
A voluntary function, worship is—
Men go to church to worship God!"
"If we
Do worship God, and if not that, if we
Do reverence an ideal which we think
Is God," he answered meekly, "is it not
Quite sanely competent, we manifest
The fact at church, as well as in our homes,
Or fields and shops? Man segregates. Is then
A social decoration of our faith
And reverence not well, think'st thou, my friend?"
Abashed, I winced, and he spake kindly on:
"All things do center in the fact of God.
The real of religion; that which burns
Within the Golden Rule—that could not be
If deity were not, for parenthood
Predicates the possible of brotherhood.
Philosophies may come; philosophies
May go; theologies may come and go,
But that eternal something which awakes
Man's filial outreachings—that never came,
And that will never go. This slogan then
The heart e'er cries: Humanity in God,
God in humanity!"
All this in sweet
Insistent modesty. Benignly crushed,
I bowed, and blessed the saintly man, and he
Passed on to that high-spired temple, there
To wash his soul in his divine ideal!

Cleves, O. WILLIAM COLBY COOPER, M. D.

Unitarian Agnosticism

I think there is in our Unitarian ministry a feeling that to the great questions the human mind is asking there is no answer and there can be no answer. And as a result of this covert agnosticism, with a few exceptions, among which I place President Eliot's "New Religion" and Professor James's "Pluralistic Universe," original intellectual work among Unitarians has ceased.

I heard recently a sermon by one of our distinguished ministers on a great theme, and though the sermon was eloquent and earnest, the ideas were, even to an intelligent mechanic, not only old, but absolutely untrue. The sermon was an illustration of this feeling, that all the great ideas have been discovered, the great generalizations formulated, the great thoughts uttered.

To be more explicit, we are leaning too much on our noble past. We forget that our Channingism, nay, even our Parkerism, is today unscientific, and that there never was greater need of a broader, clearer statement of the great truths of Religion, in other words of a new theory of the universe. We have not entered within, but stand only upon the threshold of the temple of truth.

I think our Unitarianism is too much of an apology; too much of a softening of the "old theology"; too much of "the leadership of Jesus." We do not see that men in every condition of life are asking those questions which were in the past the ultimate speculations of philosophy.

I stand at night and look up at Jupiter, that brightest flower in the meadow of the heavens, with sad and wondering eyes, and I ask, Is life there? Are these tears, and toil, and graves there? As I look round about me I see sorrow, tragedies, graves, and I ask, Is the only answer found in the words of Jesus, great words, but so often mingled with childish superstitions? Is his God a real being?

What answer do our Unitarian ministers give? "Trust in your own heart, in *feeling*." Even Sir Oliver Lodge, who has spoken so many brave words, says: "The meaning of goodness, the whole domain of ethics, and the higher possibilities of sainthood of which the human soul has shown itself capable are outside the domain of the man of science."

Can these themes, great as they are, lie outside the realm of sound thinking? And is not sound, clear, brave *thinking* the great need of today? Is not the present a time of vast and transcendent beginnings? And who is brave enough to say that there has not been laid for us the *pou sto* of a truer theory of religion, of the universe?

JAMES G. TOWNSEND, D. D.

Were we to allow our clear ideas only to govern our life, we should quickly become undeserving of either much love or esteem. For, truly, what could be less clear than the reasons that bid us be generous, upright and just; that teach us to cherish in all things the noblest of feelings and thoughts?

—*Maeterlinck.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES

"I AM COME THAT YE MIGHT HAVE LIFE."—It was Pastor Charles Wagner who preached, in the cathedral of St. Peter, the sermon at the close of the Calvin jubilee week in Geneva, his subject, "Commandments of God; Commandments of Men!" Matthew XV:1-10. Those who know and love him, particularly such as, like the writer, have had the rare privilege of hearing him in this historic edifice, can almost see the scene and hear his accents as they read the pages of this printed discourse, so sane, so simple, so direct.

What have been the great epochs in the world's history? Those in which humanity at large took a fresh hold on life, saw the wonder, beauty and divinity in its most ordinary functions and aspects.

Something like this must have been in the mind of Charles Wagner when, looking back on that "great week" just lived through, he said to that throng of reverent listeners: "I want to bring into special prominence what the fathers of the Reformation did for the rehabilitation of simple, lay holiness in practical life.

"Their activity was manifest everywhere, in thought and deed, in dogma and morals, in church and school, in the government and in the city. All domains felt their renewing breath; but among the best of their heritage was this brave, sincere, human rehabilitation of the life of everyday, with the higher inspiration which belongs to it.

"The great danger to piety is that of estrangement from life, a danger, moreover, which menaces all the works of man, in art as in politics, in philosophy as in science. As soon as the connection with living reality is broken, nothing remains but scholasticism, formalism and authority. The roots are cut, the tree of life is dried up.'"

This "rehabilitation" he considered under three heads, that of family life, that of labor and that of joy. These are suggestive words to us, for our own day is one marked by a widespread hunger for that "more abundant life" the Master promised. How else can one interpret the steadily rising tide of socialism in many lands, the phenomenal growth of the Christian Science organization, the upspringing Truth-seekers circles of varying name and status, the wonderful revival of old methods of healing, where science has so long run mad? O what an age to live in is our own to one who has ears to "hear the mystic pulses fall of One Great Heart that beats for all" in these divers utterances!

"The truly divine is in pure humanity. The God who saves is the one who is made man. To have caught a glimpse of him will remain the immortal glory of our fathers. Perceiving him they were thrilled with transports of gratitude, detecting near the lowly hearth, at the family table, traces of the invisible host, they felt the thrills of a new birth, they saw emerge from limbo a rejuvenated earth and transformed heavens."

"That labor is the highest social function, that it is sanctifying, liberating, consoling, that it is the prop of the world, that it is as much a sacrament to handle a tool as to touch the communion cup; here is a new faith, capable of putting a soul into existence and of conferring an unknown lustre on the humble royalty of the hammer and the plow."

"The souls of our fathers sang like the lark. Yet their days were not always pleasant. They knew persecution, struggles, exile, distress. But the melody of the inner harps never ceased to vibrate. The period of the Reformation was like a burst of song. The soldier sang under the flag, the blacksmith at his anvil, the herdsman on the mountain, the prisoner in his dungeon, the galley slave at the oars. A virile generation, with heart steeled by the bracing air of Faith and Liberty, began to live and breathe upon the earth.'"

Such are some of the words of the dear Alsatian pastor, under the three heads mentioned, that we may well ponder for their deepest meaning and their lessons to our souls. M. E. H.

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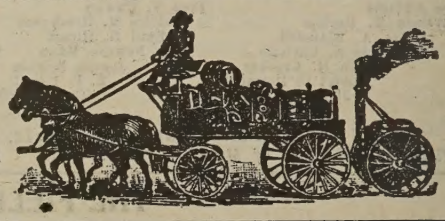

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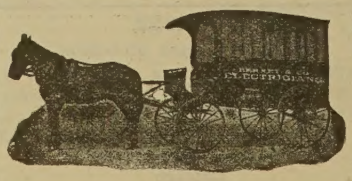

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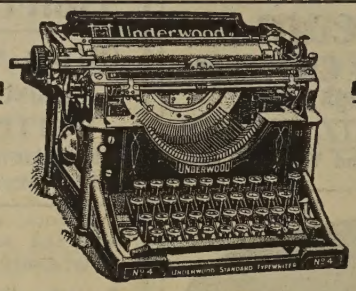

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